

CII 7

58

No.



22.

Dedicated, by Permission, to
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES

KING HENRY IV.

PART II.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

Vignette Scene Print.	Designed by	Engraved by
King Henry IV. and Prince of Wales.	Burney	Delattre.
Mr. Parsons in J. Shal.	Ramberg	Grignon.

BEING THE TWENTY-SECOND NUMBER OF
WELL'S Edition of

SHAKSPERE'S WORKS,

Printed complete from the Text of
SAMUEL JOHNSON and GEORGE STEEVENS.

The First Number is The TEMPEST, beautifully embellished.
The Second Number is MEASURE for MEASURE, ditto.
The Third Number is MACBETH, ditto.
The Fourth Number is MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, ditto.

London: Sold by the Proprietor, BRITISH-LIBRARY, Strand.
Price One Shilling and Sixpence.

The Fifth Number is HAMLET, beautifully embellished.
 The Sixth Number is ROMEO and JULIET, ditto.
 The Seventh Number is the MERCHANT of VENICE, ditto.
 The Eighth Number is the MERRY WIVES of WINDSOR, ditto.
 The Ninth Number is JULIUS CÆSAR, ditto.
 The Tenth Number is MIDSUMMER-NIGHT's DREAM, ditto.
 The Eleventh Number is TITUS ANDRONICUS, ditto.
 The Twelfth Number is TWELFTH-NIGHT, ditto.
 The Thirteenth Number is LOVE's LABOUR's LOST, ditto.
 The Fourteenth Number is TIMON of ATHENS, ditto.
 The Fifteenth Number is TROILUS and CRESSIDA, ditto.
 The Sixteenth Number is AS YOU LIKE IT, ditto.
 The Seventeenth Number is OTHELLO, ditto.
 The Eighteenth Number is the COMEDY of ERRORS, ditto.
 The Nineteenth Number is KING HENRY V. ditto.
 The Twentieth Number is KING LEAR, ditto.
 The Twenty-first Number is KING HENRY IV. Part I. ditto.

To the PUBLIC.

THIS Work is intended to supercede the necessity for any other Edition whatever, as it will be calculated to gratify every class of Readers.—The Publisher intends that it shall not only be *the most perfect and beautiful Work* that Britain ever produced, but also, *the cheapest*; he humbly hopes for public Patronage, in proportion to the merits of the undertaking, and he respectfully solicits *particular attention* to the following circumstances.

The Plan is to print each Play, *singly*, and *entire*, from the last revisions of Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, and GEORGE STEEVENS, Esq. &c. with *their Characters* of the Play, and *the Origin of the Fable*, as an introductory Preface to each Play.

The Plays to be printed by Mess. FRYS and COUCHMAN, on *two sorts of paper*; the best of which will be *superfine writing-post quality*, on a new *Bourgeois Letter*, cast and *delicately dressed* on purpose. Embellishments for this sort, will consist of a *characteristic Print*, representing a *spirited likeness* of some *favourite Performer*, besides an original *Vignette Scene Print*, designed and engraved by the most eminent Artists in *London and Paris*. The Plays thus embellished and executed, will be sold at *one shilling and sixpence* each.

The inferior sort will be on common printing paper, and be enriched with the *characteristic Print only*; containing, nevertheless, the same Letter-Press, and printed on the same Type—this copy will be sold at the usual price, even of the meanest Editions, viz. *Sixpence each Play*.

Act.V.

KING HENRY III. part 2.

Scene 3.



Ramberg del.

Grignon scul.

M. PARSONS in JUSTICE SHALL OW.

*I beseech you, good Sir John, let me
have five hundred of my thousand.*

London Printed for J. Bell British Library Strand Dec. 12th 1785.

J. H. A. R. H. E. R. C.



KING HENRY IV. part II.

Prince Henry. *There is your Crown & he that wears,
the Crown immortally long guard it yours.*

Act 4

Scene 1.

JF Bony del

Delattre sculp.

Printed for J. Bell, British Library Strand London Jan^y 31 1785.

Bell's Edition.

H E N R Y IV.

P A R T II.

B Y

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the direction of,

JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND.

MDCCLXXXV.



OBSERVATIONS

ON THE Fable AND Composition OF THE

SECOND PART OF

H E N R Y IV.

THE transactions comprized in this history take up about nine years. The action commences with the account of Hotspur's being defeated and killed ; and closes with the death of king Henry IV. and the coronation of king Henry V.

THEOBALD.

This play was enter'd at Stationers' Hall, August, 23, 1600.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Upton thinks these two plays improperly called *The First and Second Parts of Henry the Fourth*. The first play ends, he says, with the peaceful settlement of Henry in the kingdom by the defeat of the rebels. This is hardly true ; for the rebels are not yet finally suppressed. The second, he tells us, shews Henry the Fifth in the various lights of a good-natured rake, till, on his father's death, he assumes a more manly character. This is true ; but this representation gives us no idea of a dramatic action. These two plays will appear to every reader, who shall peruse them without ambition of critical discoveries, to be so connected, that the second is merely a sequel to the first ; to be two only because they are too long to be one.

JOHNSON.

I N D U C T I O N.

Enter RUMOUR, painted full of Tongues.

Rumour.

*Open your ears; For which of you will stop
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride;
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world: 10
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence;
Whilst the big year, swell'n with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude, 20
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before king Harry's victory;*

Who,

*Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,
Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebel's blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad—that Harry Monmouth fell 30
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news 39
Than they have learn'd of me: From Rumour's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs.
[Exit.*

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

King HENRY the Fourth.

HENRY, *Prince of Wales, afterwards King,*

JOHN, *Duke of Bedford,*

HUMPHREY, *Duke of Gloster,*

THOMAS, *Duke of Clarence,*

Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND,

SCROOP, *Archbishop of York,*

Lord MOWBRAY,

Lord HASTINGS,

Lord BARDOLPH,

Sir JOHN COLEVILE,

TRAVERS,

MORTON,

Earl of WARWICK,

Earl of WESTMORELAND,

GOWER,

HARCOURT,

Lord Chief Justice,

FALSTAF, POINS, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, PETO, and
PAGE.

SHALLOW, and SILENCE, *Country Justices.*

DAVY, *Servant to Shallow.*

PHANG and SNARE, *two Serjeants.*

MOULDY,

SHADOW,

WART,

FEEBLE,

BULLCALF,

Recruits.

his Sons.

against the King.

of the King's Party.

WOMEN.

Lady NORTHUMBERLAND.

Lady PERCY.

Hostess QUICKLY.

DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

SCENE, *England.*



SECOND PART OF
HENRY IV.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Northumberland's Castle, at Warkworth. The Porter at the Gate; Enter Lord BARDOLPH.

Bardolph.

WHO keeps the gate here, ho?—Where is the earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?

Bard. Tell thou the earl,
That the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard;
Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

Enter

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Bard. Here comes the earl.

North. What news, lord Bardolph? every minute
now

Should be the father of some stratagem : 10

The times are wild ; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

Bard. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an heaven will !

Bard. As good as heart can wish :—
The king is almost wounded to the death ;
And in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright ; and both the Blunts 20
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas : young prince John,
And Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field ;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John,
Is prisoner to your son : O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not, 'till now, to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes !

North. How is this deriv'd ?
Saw you the field ? came you from Shrewsbury ?

Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came from
thence ; 30

A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.

North.

North. Here comes my servant Travers, whom I
sent

On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way ;
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter TRAVERS.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come
with you ?

Tra. My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turn'd me
back

With joyful tidings ; and, being better hors'd, 40
Out-rode me. After him, came, spurring hard,
A gentleman almost forspent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloody'd horse :
He ask'd the way to Chester ; and of him
I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury.
He told me that rebellion had bad luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold :
With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade 50
Up to the rowel-head ; and, starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

North. Ha !——Again.

Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold ?
Of Hotspur, coldspur ? that rebellion
Had met ill luck ?

Bard.

Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what—
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point 60
I'll give my barony : never talk of it.

North. Why should the gentleman, that rode by
Travers,
Give then such instances of loss ?

Bard. Who, he ?
He was some hilding fellow, that had stol'n
The horse he rode on ; and, upon my life,
Spoke at adventure. Look, here comes more news.

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume :
So looks the strond, whereon the imperious flood 70
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.—

Say, Morton, did'st thou come from Shrewsbury ?

Mort. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord ;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,
To fright our party.

North. How doth my son, and brother ?
Thou tremblest ; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone, 80
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd :
But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.

This

This would'st thou say — Your son did thus, and
thus ;

Your brother, thus ; so fought the noble Douglas ;
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds :
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,

Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead. 90

Mort. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet :
But for my lord your son——

North. Why, he is dead.

See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath !

He, that but fears the thing he would not know,

Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others' eyes,

That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, Morton :

Tell thou thy earl, his divination lies :

And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,

And make thee rich for doing me such wrong. 100

Mort. You are too great to be by me gainsaid :
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.
I see a strange confession in thine eye :

Thou shak'st thy head ; and hold'st it fear, or sin,

To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so :

The tongue offends not, that reports his death :

And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead ;

Not he, which says the dead is not alive.

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news 110

Hath but a losing office ; and his tongue

Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,

Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

Bard.

Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

Mort. I am sorry, I should force you to believe
That, which I would to heaven I had not seen :
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rend'ring faint quittance, wearied and out-breath'd,
To Harry Monmouth ; whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth, 120
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few, his death (whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp)
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best temper'd courage in his troops :
For from his metal was his party steel'd ;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed ; 130
So did our men heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field : Then was that noble Worcester
Too soon ta'en prisoner : and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain the appearance of the king,
'Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame 139
Of those that turn'd their backs ; and, in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is—that the king hath won : and hath sent out
A speedy power, to encounter you, my lord,

Under

Under the conduct of young Lancaster,
And Westmoreland : this is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physick ; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well : 149
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms ; even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themselves : hence therefore, thou nice
crutch ;

A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
Must glove this hand ; and hence, thou sickly quoif ;
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron ; And approach 160
The rugged'st hour that time and spight dare bring,
To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland !
Let heaven kiss earth ! Now let not nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd ! let order die !
And let this world no longer be a stage,
To feed contention in a lingering act ;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead ! 170

Bard. This strained passion doth you wrong, my
lord.

Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

Mort. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health ; the which, if you give o'er
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
And summ'd the account of chance, before you
said—

Let us make head. It was your presumise,
That, in the dole of blows your son might drop :
You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge 180
More likely to fall in, than to get o'er :
You were advis'd, his flesh was capable
Of wounds, and scars ; and that his forward spirit
Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd ;
Yet did you say—Go forth ; and none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-borne action : What hath then befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprize brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be ?

Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loss, 190
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,
That, if we wrought our life, 'twas ten to one :
And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
Choak'd the respect of likely peril fear'd ;
And, since we are o'er-set, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth ; body, and goods.

Mort. 'Tis more than time : And, my most noble
lord,
I hear for certain, and do speak the truth——
The gentle archbishop of York is up,

With

With well-appointed powers; he is a man, 200
Who with a double surety binds his followers.
My lord your son had only but the corps,
But shadows, and the shews of men, to fight:
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls;
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
As men drink potions; that their weapons only
Seem'd on our side, but for their spirits and souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond: But now the bishop 210
Turns insurrection to religion:
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind;
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair king Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones:
Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cause;
Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land,
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;
And more, and less, do flock to follow him. 219

North. I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,
This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
Go in with me: and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety, and revenge:
Get posts, and letters, and make friends with speed;
Never so few, and never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Street in London. Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, with his Page bearing his Sword and Buckler.

Fal. Sirrah, you giant! what says the doctor to my water?

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water; but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for. 229

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow, that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whore-son mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never mann'd with an agate 'till now: but I will neither set you in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel; the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledg'd. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek; yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal. Heaven may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet: he
may

may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it ; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him.—What said master Dombledon about the satin for my short cloak, and slops ?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph : he would not take his bond and your's ; he lik'd not the security. 258

Fal. Let him be damn'd like the glutton ! may his tongue be hotter !—A whorson Achitophel ! a rascally yea-forsooth knave ! to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security !—The whorseson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles ; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon—security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I look'd he should have sent me two and twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security ; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it : and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him.—Where's Bardolph ? 274

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a
B i i j horse

horse in Smithfield : if I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were mann'd, hors'd, and wiv'd.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, and Servants.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph. 281

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there ?

Serv. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery ?

Serv. He, my lord : but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury ; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York ? Call him back again.

Serv. Sir John Falstaff! 290

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure, he is, to the hearing of any thing good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow ; I must speak with him.

Serv. Sir John——

Fal. What ! a young knave, and beg ! Is there not wars ? is there not employment ? Doth not the king lack subjects ? do not the rebels want soldiers ? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it. 303

Serv. You mistake me, sir.

Fal.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

Serv. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man. 311

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou get'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou tak'st leave, thou wert better be hang'd: You hunt-counter, hence! avaunt!

Serv. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord!—God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say, your lordship was sick: I hope, your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship, to have a reverend care of your health. 325

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. If it please your lordship, I hear, his majesty is return'd with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty:—You would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven mend him! I pray let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling. 338

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects in Galen; it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think, you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal. 348

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not, if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord; but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come. 361

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist were slenderer. 369

Ch. Just. You have mis-led the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath mis-led me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound; your day's service at Shewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gad's-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf. 380

Fal. To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassel candle, my lord; all tallow: but if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy. 389

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light; but, I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing:

weighing : and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell : Virtue is of so little regard in these coster-monger times, that true valour is turn'd bear-herd : Pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings : all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young ; you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls : and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

405

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scrawl of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age ? Have you not a moist eye ? a dry hand ? a yellow cheek ? a white beard ? a decreasing leg ? an increasing belly ? Is not your voice broken ? your wind short ? your chin double ? your wit single ? and every part about you blasted with antiquity ? and will you yet call yourself young ? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John !

413

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice—I have lost it with hallowing and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not : the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding ; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o'the ear that the prince gave you—he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have
check'd

check'd him for it ; and the young lion repents :
marry, not in ashes, and sack-cloth ; but in new silk,
and old sack. 426

Ch. Just. Well, heaven send the prince a better
companion !

Fal. Heaven send the companion a better prince ! I
cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath sever'd you and
prince Harry : I hear, you are going with lord John
of Lancaster, against the archbishop, and the earl of
Northumberland. 434

Fal. Yea ; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it.
But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady peace at
home, that our armies join not in a hot day ; for, by
the lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I
mean not to sweat extraordinarily : if it be a hot day,
an I brandish any thing but my bottle, I would I might
never spit white again. There is not a dangerous
action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon
it : Well, I cannot last ever : But it was always yet
the trick of our English nation, if they have a good
thing, to make it too common. If you will needs
say, I am an old man, you should give me rest. I
would to God, my name were not so terrible to the
enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death
with a rust, than to be scour'd to nothing with per-
petual motion. 450

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest ; And heaven
bless your expedition !

Fal.

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well: Commend me to my cousin Westmoreland. *[Exit.]*

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle.—A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout calls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses.—Boy!—

Page. Sir?

463

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two-pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.—Go bear this letter to my lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the earl of Westmoreland; and this to old mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceiv'd the first white hair on my chin; About it; you know where to find me. *[Exit Page.]* A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable: A good wit will make use of any thing; I will turn diseases to commodity. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.

The Archbishop of York's Palace. Enter the Archbishop of York, Lord HASTINGS, THOMAS MOWBRAY (Earl Marshal) and Lord BARDOLPH.

York. Thus have you heard our cause, and know
our means ; 480

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes :—
And first, lord marshal, what say you to it ?

Mow. I well allow the occasion of our arms ;
But gladly would be better satisfied,
How, in our means, we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file
To five and twenty thousand men of choice ; 490
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

Bard. The question then, lord Hastings, standeth
thus ;—

Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland.

Hast. With him, we may.

Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point ;
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far 500

'Till we had his assistance by the hand :
For, in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids uncertain, should not be admitted.

York. 'Tis very true, lord Bardolph ; for, indeed,
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

Bard. It was, my lord ; who lin'd himself with
hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself with project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts : 510
And so with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And, winking, leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,
To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.

Bard. Yes, in this present quality of war,
Indeed of instant action : A cause on foot
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see the appearing buds ; which, to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair, 520
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model ;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection :
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then, but draw anew the model
In fewer offices ; or, at least, desist
To build at all ? Much more, in this great work
(Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,

And

And set another up), should we survey 530
 The plot of situation, and the model ;
 Consent upon a sure foundation ;
 Question surveyors ; know our own estate,
 How able such a work to undergo,
 To weigh against his opposite ; or else,
 We fortify in paper, and in figures,
 Using the names of men instead of men :
 Like one, that draws the model of a house
 Beyond his power to build it ; who, half through,
 Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost 540
 A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
 And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant, that our hopes (yet likely of fair birth)
 Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd
 The very utmost man of expectation ;
 I think, we are a body strong enough,
 Even as we are, to equal with the king.

Bard. What ! is the king but five and twenty
 thousand ?

Hast. To us, no more ; nay, not so much, lord
 Bardolph,
 For his divisions, as the times do brawl, 550
 Are in three heads : one power against the French,
 And one against Glendower ; perforce, a third
 Must take up us : So is the unfirm king
 In three divided ; and his coffers sound
 With hollow poverty and emptiness.

York. That he should draw his several strengths
 together,

And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so, 559
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels : never fear that.

Bard. Who, is it like, should lead his forces hither ?

Hast. The duke of Lancaster, and Westmoreland :
Against the Welsh, himself, and Harry Monmouth ;
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

York. Let us on ;
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited :— 570
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many ! with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou would'st have him be ?
And being now trimm'd up in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard ; 580
And now thou would'st eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it ? What trust is in these times ?
They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave :
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,
When through proud London he came sighing on
After

After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Cry'st now, *O earth, give us that king again,*
And take thou this! O thoughts of men accurst! 589

Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?

Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Street in London. Enter Hostess; PHANG, and his
Boy, with her; and SNARE following.*

Hostess.

MASTER Phang, have you enter'd the action?

Phang. It is enter'd.

Host. Where is your yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman?
will a' stand to't?

Phang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Host. O lord, ay; good master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Phang. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

Host. Ay, good master Snare; I have enter'd him
and all. 10

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for
he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabb'd
me in mine own house, and that most beastly: he cares

C i i j

not

not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Phang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither; I'll be at your elbow. 20

Phang. An I but fist him once, an he come but within my vice;—

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score:—Good master Phang, hold him sure;—good master Snare, let him not scape. He comes continuantly to Pye-corner (saving your manhoods) to buy a saddle; and he's indited to dinner to the lubbar's head in Lumbart-Street, to master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is enter'd, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long loan for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fub'd off, and fub'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.— 38

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and the Page.

Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your

your offices, master Phang, and master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now? who's mare's dead? what's the matter?

Phang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of mistress Quickly. 46

Fal. Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph; cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the kennel.

Host. Throw me in the kennel? I'll throw thee in the kennel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue!—Murder, murder! O thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's? O thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed; a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Phang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two.—Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't thou? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed! 59

Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Chief Justice, attended.

Ch. Just. What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

Ch. Just. How now, Sir John? what, are you brawling here?

Doth this become your place, your time, and business?

You

You should have been well on your way to York.—
Stand from him, fellow ; Wherefore hang'st thou on
him ? 69

Host. O my most worshipful lord, an't please your
grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is
arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum ?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord ; it is for
all, all I have : he hath eaten me out of house and
home ; he hath put all my substance into that fat
belly of his :—but I will have some of it out again,
or I'll ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think, I am as like to ride the mare, if I
have any vantage of ground to get up. 80

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John ? Fie ! what
man of good temper would endure this tempest of
exclamation ? Are you not asham'd to enforce a poor
widow to so rough a course to come by her own ?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee ?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself,
and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon
a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber,
at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, on Wednesday
in Whitsun-week, when the prince broke thy head
for likening his father to a singing man of Windsor ;
thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy
wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife.
Canst thou deny it ? Did not goodwife Keech, the
butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip
Quickly ? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar ;
telling

telling us, she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying, that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou canst. 105

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and, the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them. 111

Ch. Just. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration; I know, you have practis'd upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person.

Host. Yes, in troth, my lord. 120

Ch. Just. Pr'ythee, peace:—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done her; the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness impudent sauciness:

sauciness : if a man will make curt'sy, and say nothing, he is virtuous : No, my lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your suitor ; I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs. 131

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong : but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess. [*Taking her aside.*

Enter a Messenger.

Ch. Just. Now, master Gower ; What news ?

Gower. The king, my lord, and Henry prince of Wales

Are near at hand : the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman——

Host. Nay, you said so before. 140

Fal. As I am a gentleman ;——Come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking : and for thy walls—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in Water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, if it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action : Come, thou must not be in this

this humour with me ; do'st not know me ? Come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles ; I am loth to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

Fal. Let it alone ; I'll make other shift : you'll be a fool still. 159

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope, you'll come to supper : You'll pay me all together ?

Fal. Will I live ?—Go, with her, with her ; hook on, hook on. [*To the Officers.*]

Host. Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper ?

Fal. No more words ; let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hostess, BARDOLPH, Officers, &c.*]

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord ?

Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night ? 170

Gower. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well : What's the news, my lord ?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back ?

Gower. No ; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,

Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster,

Against Northumberland, and the archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord ?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently :

Come, go along with me, good master Gower. 181

Fal.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gower. I must wait upon my good lord here: I thank you, good Sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, ^{seeing} being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, master Gower? 190

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Continues in London. Enter Prince HENRY, and POINS.

P. Henry. Trust me, I am exceeding weary. 198

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought, weariness durst not have attach'd one of so high blood.

P. Henry. 'Faith, it does me; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew vilely in me, to desire small beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a composition.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. Belike then, my appetite was not princely got ; for, in troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name ? or to know thy face to-morrow ? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast ; viz. these, and those that were the peach-colour'd ones ? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts ; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use ?—but that, the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I ; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepest not racket there ; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland : and God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen, shall inherit his kingdom : but the midwives say, the children are not in the fault ; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthen'd. 224

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have labour'd so hard, you should talk so idly ? Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as your's at this time is ?

P. Henry. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins ?

Poins. Yes ; and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Henry. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to ; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

P. Henry. Why, I tell thee—it is not meet that I

D

should

should be sad, now my father is sick : albeit I could tell to thee (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly, upon such a subject. 240

P. Henry. By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book, as thou, and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency : Let the end try the man. But I tell thee—my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick : and keeping such vile company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason ?

P. Henry. What would'st thou think of me, if I should weep ? 250

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. Henry. It would be every man's thought : and thou art a blessed fellow, to think as every man thinks ; never a man's thought in the world keeps the roadway better than thine : every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so ?

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

P. Henry. And to thee. 260

Poins. Nay, by this light, I am well spoken of, I can hear it with my own ears : the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands ; and those two things,

things, I confess, I cannot help. Look, look, here comes Bardolph.

P. Henry. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had him from me christian; and see, if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

Enter BARDOLPH, and Page.

Bard. 'Save your grace! 270

P. Henry. And your's, most noble Bardolph!

Bard. [*To the Page.*] Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you become? Is it such a matter, to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

Page. He call'd me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last, I spy'd his eyes; and, methought, he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peep'd through. 281

P. Henry. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

P. Henry. Instruct us, boy: What dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althea dream'd she was deliver'd of a firebrand; and therefore I call him her dream.

P. Henry. A crown's-worth of good interpretation.
—There it is, boy. [*Gives him Money.*]

Poins. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers!—Well, there is six-pence to preserve thee.

Bard.

Bard. An you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

P. Henry. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my good lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town; there's a letter for you.

P. Henry. Deliver'd with good respect.—And how doth the martlemas your master?

Bard. In bodily health, sir? 300

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician: but that moves not him; though that be sick, it dies not.

P. Henry. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog: and he holds his place; for, look you, how he writes. 306

Poins reads. *John Falstaff, knight*—Every man must know that, as oft as he hath occasion to name himself. Even like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger, but they say, *There is some of the king's blood spilt: How comes that?* says he, that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is as ready as a borrower's cap; *I am the king's poor cousin, sir.*

P. Henry. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter:—

Poins. *Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry prince of Wales, greeting.*—Why, this is a certificate.

P. Henry. Peace! 320

Poins. *I will imitate the honourable Roman in brevity:*—sure he means brevity in breath; short-winded.—

ed.—*I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears, thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell. Thine, by yea and no (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him), Jack Falstaff, with my familiars; John, with my brothers and sisters; and Sir John, with all Europe.* 330

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Henry. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Poins. May the wench have no worse fortune! but I never said so.

P. Henry. Well, thus we play the fool with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us.—Is your master here in London? 340

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. Henry. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

Bard. At the old place, my lord; in Eastcheap.

P. Henry. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord; of the old church.

P. Henry. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

P. Henry. What pagan may that be? 350

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

D i i j

P. Henry.

P. Henry. Even such kin, as the parish heifers are to the town bull.—Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

P. Henry. Sirrah, you boy—and Bardolph;—no word to your master, that I am yet come to town: There's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir. 360

Page. And for mine, sir—I will govern it.

P. Henry. Fare ye well; go.—This Doll Tear-sheet should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between saint Alban's and London.

P. Henry. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins, and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers. 370

P. Henry. From a god to a bull? a heavy descension! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a apprentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine: for, in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Warkworth-Castle. Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, Lady NORTHUMBERLAND, and Lady PERCY.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,

Give

Give even way unto my rough affairs :
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be, like them, to Percy troublesome. 379

L. North. I have given over, I will speak no more :
Do what you will ; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn ;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

L. Percy. Oh, yet, for heaven's sake, go not to
these wars !

The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now ;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look, to see his father
Bring up his powers ; but he did long in vain.

Who then persuaded you to stay at home ? 390

There were two honours lost ; your's, and your son's.
For your's—may heavenly glory brighten it !

For his—it stuck upon him, as the sun

In the grey vault of heaven : and, by his light,

Did all the chivalry of England move

To do brave acts ; he was, indeed, the glass

Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.

He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait :

And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,

Became the accents of the valiant ; 400

For those that could speak low, and tardily,

Would turn their own perfection to abuse,

To seem like him : So that, in speech, in gait,

In diet, in affections of delight,

In military rules, humours of blood,

He

He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. And him—O wondrous him!
O miracle of men!—him did you leave
(Second to none, unseconded by you),
To look upon the hideous god of war 410
In disadvantage; to abide a field,
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible:—so you left him:
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong,
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others, than with him; let them alone;
The marshal, and the archbishop, are strong:
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave. 420

North. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter! you do draw my spirits from me,
With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go, and meet with danger there;
Or it will seek me in another place,
And find me worse provided.

L. North. O, fly to Scotland,
'Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

L. Percy. If they get ground and vantage of the
king, 430
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves: So did your son;
He was so suffer'd; so came I a widow;

And

And never shall have length of life enough,
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me : 'tis with my
mind,
As with the tide swell'd up unto its height, 440
That makes a still-stand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back :——
I will resolve for Scotland ; there am I,
'Till time and vantage crave my company. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*London. The Boar's-Head Tavern in Eastcheap. Enter
two Drawers.*

1 *Draw.* What the devil hast thou brought there ?
apple-Johns ? thou know'st, Sir John cannot endure
an apple-John. 448

2 *Draw.* Mass, thou say'st true : The prince once
set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told him,
there were five more Sir Johns : and, putting off his
hat, said, *I will now take my leave of these six dry,
round, old, wither'd knights.* It anger'd him to the
heart ; but he hath forgot that.

1 *Draw.* Why then, cover, and set them down :
And see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise ; mistress
Tear-sheet

Tear-sheet would fain hear some musick. Dispatch :
—The room where they supp'd, is too hot ; they'll
come in straight. 459

2 *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the prince, and master
Poins anon : and they will put on two of our jerkins,
and aprons ; and Sir John must not know of it : Bar-
dolph hath brought word.

1 *Draw.* Then here will be old utis : It will be an
excellent stratagem.

2 *Draw.* I'll see, if I can find out Sneak. [Exit.

Enter Hostess and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Host. Sweet heart, methinks now you are in an ex-
cellent good temperality : your pulside beats as ex-
traordinarily as heart would desire ; and your colour,
I warrant you, is as red as any rose : But, i'faith, you
have drank too much canaries ; and that's a marvel-
lous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere
we can say—What's this ? How do you now ? 473

Dol. Better than I was. Hem.

Host. Why, that was well said ; A good heart's
worth gold. Look, here comes Sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. *When Arthur first in court—Empty the jordan—
and was a worthy king :* How now, mistress Doll ?

[Exit Drawer.

Host. Sick of a calm : yea, good sooth.

Fal. So is all her sect ; if they be once in a calm,
they are sick. 481

Dol.

Dol. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, mistress Doll.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that. 490

Dol. Ay, marry; our chains, and our jewels.

Fal. *Your brooches, pearls, and owches*;—for to serve bravely, is to come halting off, you know: To come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charg'd chambers bravely:—

Dol. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself! 498

Host. Why, this is the old fashion; you two never meet, but you fall to some discord: you are both, in good troth, as rheumatick as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-jere! one must bear, and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel. [To DOLL.

Doll. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuff'd in the hold.—Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, ancient Pistol's below, and would speak with you. 513

Dol. Hang him, swaggering rascal ! let him not come hither : it is the foul-mouth'dst rogue in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here : no, by my faith ; I must live amongst my neighbours ; I'll no swaggerers : I am in good name and fame with the very best :—Shut the door ;—there comes no swaggerers here ; I have not liv'd all this while, to have swaggering now ;—shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess ?— 523

Host. Pray you, pacify yourself, Sir John ; there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear ? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, Sir John, never tell me ; your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master Tisick, the deputy, the other day : and, as he said to me—it was no longer ago than Wednesday last—*Neighbour Quickly*, says he ;—master Dumb, our minister, was by then ;—*Neighbour Quickly*, says he, *receive those that are civil ; for, saith he, you are in an ill name ;*—now he said so, I can tell whereupon ; *for, says he, you are an honest woman, and well thought on ; therefore take heed what guests you receive : Receive,* says he, *no swaggering companions.*—There comes none here ;—you would bless you to hear what he said :—no, I'll no swaggerers. 539

Fal.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess ; a tame cheater, he ; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy-greyhound : he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any shew of resistance.—Call him up, drawer.

Host. Cheater, call you him ? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater : But I do not love swaggering by my troth ; I am the worse, when one says—swagger : feel, masters, how I shake ; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hostess. 550

Host. Do I ? yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aspen leaf : I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and* Page.

Pist. 'Save you, Sir John !

Fal. Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack : do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir ; you shall hardly offend her. 560

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets : I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, mistress Dorothy ; I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me ? I scorn you, scurvy companion. What ! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen
E mate !

mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, mistress Dorothy. 570

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale jugler, you!—Since when, I pray you, sir?—What, with two points on your shoulder? much!

Pist. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Host. No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain. 581

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, art thou not asham'd to be call'd—captain? If captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earn'd them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house?—He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stew'd prunes, and dry'd cakes. A captain! these villains will make the word captain as odious as the word occupy; which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to it. 593

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, corporal Bardolph;—I could tear her:—I'll be reveng'd on her.

Page.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damn'd first;—To Pluto's damned lake, to the infernal deep, where Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down! down, dogs! down traitors! Have we not Hiren here?

Host. Good captain Peesel, be quiet; it is very late: I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-horses,

And hollow-pamper'd jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,
Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with
King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar. 610
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins; Have we not Hiren here?

Host. O' my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-jere! do you think, I would deny her? I pray, be quiet. 620

Pist. Then, Feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis: Come, give's some sack.

—*Si fortuna me tormenta, sperato me contenta.*—

Fear we broad-sides? no, let the fiend give fire:

Give me some sack;—and, sweet-heart, lye thou there.

[*Laying down his Sword.*

E ij

Come

Come we to full points here; and are *et cetera's* nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif: What! we have seen the seven stars.

Dol. Thrust him down stairs; I cannot endure such a fustian rascal. 631

Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling: nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrow?—Then death

Rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days! 640

Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds
Untwine the sisters three! Come, Atropos, I say!

[*Snatching up his Sword.*]

Host. Here's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs.

[*Drawing, and driving PISTOL out.*]

Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, before I'll be in these tirrits and frights. So; murther, I warrant now.—Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal is gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you! 652

Host.

Host. Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought, he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

[*Re-enter BARDOLPH.*

Fal. Have you turn'd him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk: you have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal! to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st? Come, let me wipe thy face;—come on, you whoreson chops:—Ah, rogue! I love thee.—Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies: Ah, villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, if thou dar'st for thy heart: if thou do'st, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Musick.

Page. The musick is come, sir. 669

Fal. Let them play;—Play, sirs.—Sit on my knee,
Doll. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Dol. I'faith, and thou followd'st him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o'days, and foining o'nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter, behind, Prince HENRY and POINS, disguised like Drawers.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head; do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of? 680

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipp'd bread well.

Dol. They say, Poins hath a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon!—his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why doth the prince love him so then? 688

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness; and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons; and rides the wild mare with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boat very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories: and such other gambol faculties he hath, that shew a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their averdupois. 700

P. Henry. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let's beat him before his whore.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. Look, if the wither'd elder hath not his pole claw'd like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange, that desire should so many years out-live performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

P. Henry. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction? what says the almanack to that? 710

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lipping to his master's old tables; his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Dol. Nay, truly; I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all. 719

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive money on Thursday: thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late, we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth, thou'lt set me a weeping, an thou say'st so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome 'till thy return.—Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

P. Henry. Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's?—and art not thou Poins, his brother? 731

P. Henry. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead?

Fal.

Fal. A better than thou ; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. Henry. Very true, sir ; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace ! welcome to London.—Now heaven bless that sweet face of thine ! what, are you come from Wales ? 740

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome. [Leaning his Hand upon DOLL.

Dol. How ! you fat fool, I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Henry. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman ? 750

Host. 'Blessing o' your good heart ! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me ?

P. Henry. Yes ! and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gads-hill : you knew, I was at your back ; and spoke it on purpose, to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no ; not so ; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

P. Henry. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse ; and then I know how to handle you. 761

Fal. No abuse, Hal, on mine honour ; no abuse.

P. Henry. No ! to dispraise me ; and call me—
pantler,

pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, Ned, in the world; honest Ned, none. I disprais'd him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him: in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none;—no, boys, none.

773

P. Henry. See now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is the boy of the wicked? or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer. 780

Fal. The fiend hath prick'd down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy—there is a good angel about him; but the devil out-bids him too.

P. Henry. For the women——

Fal. For one of them—she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul! For the other—I owe her money; and whether she be damn'd for that, I know not.

Hest. No, I warrant you. 790

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think, thou art quit for that: Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house,
contrary

contrary to the law; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so: What's a joint of mutton or two, in a whole Lent?

P. Henry. You, gentlewoman——

Dol. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against. 801

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door there, Francis.

Enter PETO.

P. Henry. Peto, how now? what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster;
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts,
Come from the North: and, as I came along,
I met, and overtook, a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff. 810

P. Henry. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,

So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempest of commotion, like the south
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword, and cloak:—Falstaff, good night.

[*Exeunt Prince, and POINS.*]

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night,
and we must hence, and leave it unpick'd. More
knocking

knocking at the door ?—How now, what's the matter ? 820

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently ; a dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the musicians, sirrah. [*To the Page.*]—Farewel, hostess ;—farewel, Doll.—You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after : the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is call'd on. Farewel, good wenches :—If I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go. 828

Dol. I cannot speak ;—If my heart be not ready to burst :—Well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewel, farewel. [*Exeunt FAL. and BARD.*]

Host. Well, fare thee well : I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come pescod-time ; but an honest-er, and truer-hearted man—Well, fare thee well.

Bard. [*Within.*] Mistress Tear-sheet—

Host. What's the matter ?

Bard. Bid mistress Tear-sheet come to my master.

Host. O run, Doll, run ; run, good Doll. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Palace. Enter King HENRY in his Night-Gown,
with a Page.

K. Henry.

Go, call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick ;
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
And

And well consider of them : Make good speed.—

[Exit Page.

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep !—O sleep, O gentle sleep !
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?
Why rather, sleep, ly'st thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee, 10
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber ;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody ?
O thou dull god, why ly'st thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds ; and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common larum bell ?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge ; 20
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes ?
Can'st thou, O partial sleep ! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude ;
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king ? Then, happy low, lie down !
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. 31

Enter WARWICK, and SURREY.

War. Many good morrows to your majesty!

K. Henry. Is it good morrow, lords?

War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

K. Henry. Why, then, good morrow to you. Well,
my lords,

Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

War. We have, my liege.

K. Henry. Then you perceive, the body of our
kingdom

How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,

And with what danger, near the heart of it. 40

War. It is but as a body, yet, distemper'd;
Which to its former strength may be restor'd,
With good advice, and little medicine:—

My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

K. Henry. O heaven! that one might read the book
of fate;

And see the revolution of the times

Make mountains level, and the continent

(Weary of solid firmness) melt itself

Into the sea! and, other times, to see

The beachy girdle of the ocean 50

Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,

And changes fill the cup of alteration

With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,

The happiest youth—viewing his progress through,

What perils past, what crosses to ensue—

Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.

'Tis not ten years gone,
 Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends,
 Did feast together, and, in two years after,
 Were they at wars : It is but eight years, since 60
 This Percy was the man nearest my soul ;
 Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
 And laid his love and life under my foot ;
 Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,
 Gave him defiance. But which of you was by
 (You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember),

[To WARWICK.

When Richard—with his eye brim-full of tears,
 Then check'd and rated by Northumberland—
 Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy ?
Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which 70
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne ;—
 Though then, heaven knows, I had no such intent ;
 But that necessity so bow'd the state,
 That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss :—
The time shall come, thus did he follow it,
The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption :—so went on,
 Foretelling this same time's condition,
 And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives, 80
 Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd ;
 The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
 With a near aim, of the main chance of things
 As yet not come to life ; which in their seeds,
 And weak beginnings, lie entresured.

Such things become the hatch and brood of time ;
And, by the necessary form of this,
King Richard might create a perfect guess,
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would, of that seed, grow to a greater falseness ;
Which should not find a ground to root upon, 91
Unless on you.

K. Henry. Are these things then necessities ?
Then let us meet them like necessities :—
And that same word even now cries out on us ;
They say, the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord ;
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo, 99
The numbers of the fear'd :—Please it your grace,
To go to bed ; upon my life, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth,
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain instance, that Glendower is dead.
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill ;
And these unseason'd hours, perforce, must add
Unto your sickness.

K. Henry. I will take your counsel :
And, were these inward wars once out of hand, 110
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Justice SHALLOW's Seat in Gloucestershire. Enter SHALLOW meeting SILENCE. MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, and BULLCALF, Servants, &c. behind.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an early stirrer, by the rood. And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bed-fellow? and your fairest daughter, and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, cousin Shallow. 120

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say, my cousin William is become a good scholar: He is at Oxford still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir; to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the inns of court shortly: I was once of Clement's-Inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were call'd—lusty Shallow, then, cousin.

Shal. I was call'd any thing; and I would have done any thing, indeed, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele, a Cotswold man—you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns of court again: and, I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas were; and
had

had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy; and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers! 140

Shal. The same Sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head at the court gate, when he was a crack, not thus high: and the very same day I did fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-Inn. O, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there. 151

Shal. Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Dead!—See, see!—he drew a good bow;—And dead!—he shot a fine shoot:—John of Gaunt lov'd him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—he would have clapp'd i' the clout at twelve score; and carry'd you a fore-hand shaft a fourteen, and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.—How a score of ewes now? 162

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead!

F i i j

Enter

Enter BARDOLPH, and his Boy.

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is justice Shallow? 169

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace: What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff: a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir; I knew him a good back-sword man: How doth the good knight? may I ask, how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated, than with a wife. 180

Shal. It is well said, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes of *accommodo*: very good; a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? By this day, I know not the phrase: but I will maintain the word with my sword, to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated! That is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated: or, when a man is—being—whereby—he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing. 193

Enter

Enter FALSTAFF.

Shal. It is very just:—Look, here comes good Sir John.—Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand: By my troth, you look well, and bear your years very well: welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow;—Master Sure-card, as I think.

Shal. No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me. 201

Fal. Good master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll?—Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so: Yea, marry, sir:—Ralph Mouldy:—let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so.—Let me see; Where is Mouldy? 213

Moul. Here, an't please you.

Shal. What think you, Sir John? a good-limb'd fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i'faith! things, that are mouldy, lack use: Very singular good!—

Well said, Sir John; very well said.

222

Fal. Prick him.

Moul. I was prick'd well enough before, an you could have let me alone : my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery : you need not to have prick'd me ; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to ; peace, Mouldy, you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

230

Moul. Spent !

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace ; stand aside ; Know you where you are ?—For the other, Sir John :—let me see ;—Simon Shadow !

Fal. Ay marry, let me have him to sit under : he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow ?

Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou ?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

240

Fal. Thy mother's son ! like enough ; and thy father's shadow : so the son of the female is the shadow of the male : It is often so, indeed ; but not much of the father's substance.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir John ?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer—prick him ;—for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart !

Fal. Where's he ?

250

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble! 260

Feeble. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Feeble. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have prick'd you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Feeble. I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more. 270

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor well, master Shallow; deep, master Shallow.

Feeble. I would, Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would, thou wert a man's tailor; that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble. 281

Feeble.

Feeble. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bullcalf of the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see Bullcalf.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. Trust me, a likely fellow!—Come, prick me Bullcalf, 'till he roar again.

Bull. Oh! good my lord captain—— 290

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art prick'd?

Bull. O lord, sir! I am a diseas'd man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir; a cough, sir; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs, upon his coronation-day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here all? 299

Shal. There is two more call'd than your number, you must have but four here, sir;—and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, master Shallow.

Shal. O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the wind-mill in saint George's fields?

Fal. No more of that, good master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

Fal. She lives, master Shallow.

Shal. She could never away with me.

Fal. Never, never: she would always say, she could not abide master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, master Shallow.

319

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain, she's old; and had Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before I came to Clement's-Inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five years ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, Sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, master Shallow.

329

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have; our watch-word was, *Hem, boys!*—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner:—O, the days that we have seen!—Come, come.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF, and Justices.*]

Bull. Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hang'd, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but, rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends;

friends ; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much. 342

Bard. Go to ; stand aside.

Moul. And good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend : she has nobody to do any thing about her, when I am gone ; and she is old, and cannot help herself : you shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to ; stand aside.

Feeble. I care not ;—a man can die but once ;—we owe God a death ;—I'll ne'er bear a base mind :—an't be my destiny, so ; an't be not, so : No man's too good to serve his prince : and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said ; thou'rt a good fellow. 355

Feeble. 'Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

[*Re-enter FALSTAFF, and Justices.*]

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have ?

Shal. Four of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you :—I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bullcalf. 360

Fal. Go to ; well.

Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have ?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry then—Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy, and Bullcalf :—For you, Mouldy, stay at home 'till you are past service :—and, for your part, Bullcalf—grow 'till you come unto it ; I will none of you.

Shal.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong; they are your likeliest men, and I would have you serv'd with the best. 372

Fal. Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man? give me the spirit, master Shallow.—Here's Wart;—you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-fac'd fellow, Shadow—give me this man; he presents no mark to the enemy; the foe-man may with as great aim level at the edge of a pen-knife: And, for a retreat—how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off? O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones.—Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph. 387

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well:—go to:—very good:—exceeding good.—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chopp'd, bald shot.—Well said, Wart; thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tester for thee. 393

Shal. He is not his craft's master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-End green, when I lay at Clement's-Inn (I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show) there was a little quiver fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece thus: and 'a would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: *rah, tah,*

G

tah,

tah, would 'a say ; *bounce*, would 'a say ; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come ;—I shall never see such a fellow. 402

Fal. These fellows will do well, master Shallow.—God keep you, master Silence ; I will not use many words with you :—Fare you well, gentlemen both : I thank you : I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace ! As you return, visit my house ; let our old acquaintance be renew'd : peradventure, I will with you to the court.

Fal. I would you would, master Shallow. 412

Shal. Go to ; I have spoke, at a word. Fare you well. [Exeunt SHALLOW, and SILENCE.

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. — On, Bardolph ; lead the men away.—[Exeunt BARDOLPH, Recruits, &c.]—As I return, I will fetch off these justices : I do see the bottom of justice Shallow. Lord, lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying ! This same starv'd justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-Street ; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-Inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring : when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a fork'd radish, with a head fantastically carv'd upon it with a knife : he was so forlorn, that his dimensions, to any thick sight, were invisible : he was the very Genius of famine ; yet lecherous as a monkey,

key, and the whores call'd him—mandrake : he came ever in the rear-ward of the fashion ; and sung those tunes to the over-scutcht huswives, that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware—they were his fancies, or his good-nights. And now is this vice's dagger become a squire ; and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been sworn brother to him : and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard ; and then he burst his head, for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it ; and told John of Gaunt, he beat his own name : for you might have truss'd him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin ; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court : and now hath he land and beeves. Well ; I will be acquainted with him, if I return : and it shall go hard, but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me : If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Forest in Yorkshire. Enter the Archbishop of York, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, and others.

York.

WHAT is this forest call'd ?

Hast. 'Tis Gualtree forest, an't shall please your grace.

Gij

York.

York. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers
forth,

To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

York. 'Tis well done.

My friends, and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you, that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenour and substance, thus:— 10
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
As might hold sortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may over-live the hazard,
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we had in him touch
ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news? 20

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy:
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out.
Let us sway on, and face them in the field.

Enter

Enter WESTMORELAND.

York. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

Mowb. I think, it is my lord of Westmoreland.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, lord John, and duke of Lancaster. 30

York. Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in peace;
What doth concern your coming?

West. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rage,
And countenanc'd by boys, and beggary;
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,
In his true, native, and most proper shape, 40
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop—
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;
Whose white investments figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace—
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself, 50
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war?
Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances; and your tongue divine

G i i j

To

To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?

York. Wherefore do I this?—so the question stands.
Briefly, to this end ;—We are all diseas'd ;
And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it : of which disease 60
Our late king, Richard, being infected, dy'd.
But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician ;
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men ;
But, rather, shew a while like fearful war,
To diet rank minds, sick of happiness ;
And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd 70
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we
suffer,
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere
By the rough torrent of occasion :
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to shew in articles ;
Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,
And might by no suit gain our audience :
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
We are deny'd access unto his person 81
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
The dangers of the days but newly gone

(Whose

(Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet appearing blood), and the examples
Of every minute's instance (present now),
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms;
Not to break peace, or any branch of it;
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality. 90

West. When ever yet was your appeal deny'd?
Wherein have you been galled by the king?
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you?
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,
And consecrate commotion's civil edge?

York. My brother-general, the common-wealth,
To brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such redress; 100
Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him, in part; and to us all,
That feel the bruises of the days before;
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?

West. O my good lord Mowbray,
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say indeed—it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries. 110
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from the king, or in the present time,
That you should have an inch of any ground

To

To build a grief on: Were you not restor'd
To all the duke of Norfolk's signiories,
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father lost,
That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in me?
The king, that lov'd him, as the state stood then,
Was, force perforce, compell'd to banish him: 120
And then, when Harry Bolingbroke, and he—
Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together;
Then, then, when there was nothing could have staid
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
O, when the king did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw: 130
Then threw he down himself; and all their lives,
That, by indictment, and by dint of sword,
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, lord Mowbray, now you know
not what:

The earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman;
Who knows, on whom fortune would then have
smil'd?

But, if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry:
For all the country, in a general voice, 140
Cry'd hate upon him; and all their prayers, and love,
Were

Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
 And bless'd, and grac'd indeed, more than the king.
 But this is mere digression from my purpose.—
 Here come I from our princely general,
 To know your griefs ; to tell you from his grace,
 That he will give you audience : and wherein
 It shall appear, that your demands are just,
 You shall enjoy them ; every thing set off,
 That might so much as think you enemies. 150

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer ;
 And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you over-ween, to take it so ;
 This offer comes from mercy, not from fear :
 For, lo ! within a ken, our army lies ;
 Upon mine honour, all too confident
 To give admittance to a thought of fear.
 Our battle is more full of names than yours,
 Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
 Our armour all as strong, our cause the best ; 160
 Then reason wills, our hearts should be as good :—
 Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will, we shall admit no
 parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence :
 A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the prince John a full commission,
 In very ample virtue of his father,
 To hear, and absolutely to determine
 Of what conditions we shall stand upon ?

West.

West. That is intended in the general's name : 170
I muse, you make so slight a question.

York. Then take, my lord of Westmoreland, this
schedule ;

For this contains our general grievances :—
Each several article herein redress'd ;
All members, of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form ;
And present execution of our wills
To us, and to our purposes, confin'd ;
We come within our awful banks again, 180
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I shew the general. Please you,
lords,

In sight of both our battles we may meet :
And either end in peace, which heaven so frame !
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

York. My lord, we will do so. [Exit *WEST.*

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom, tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that : if we can make our
peace 190

Upon such large terms, and so absolute,
As our conditions shall insist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,

Shall,

Shall, to the king, taste of this action :
 That, were our loyal faiths martyrs in love,
 We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
 That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff, 200
 And good from bad find no partition.

York. No, no, my lord ; Note this—the king is
 weary

Of dainty and such picking grievances :
 For he hath found—to end one doubt by death,
 Revives two greater in the heirs of life.
 And therefore will he wipe his tables clean ;
 And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
 That may repeat and history his loss
 To new remembrance : For full well he knows,
 He cannot so precisely weed this land, 210
 As his misdoubts present occasion :
 His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
 That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
 He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend.
 So that this land, like an offensive wife,
 That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes ;
 As he is striking, holds his infant up,
 And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
 That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
 On late offenders, that he now doth lack 221
 The very instruments of chastisement :
 So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
 May offer, but not hold.

York. 'Tis very true ;—

And

And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,
 If we do now make our atonement well,
 Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
 Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.

230

Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

West. The prince is here at hand : Pleaseth your
 lordship,

To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies?

Mowb. Your grace of York, in heaven's name
 then set forward.

York. Before, and greet his grace:—my lord, we
 come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*Another Part of the Forest. Enter on one Side, Mow-
 BRAY, the Archbishop, HASTINGS, and others: from
 the other Side, Prince JOHN of Lancaster, WEST-
 MORELAND, Officers, &c.*

Lan. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin
 Mowbray:—

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop;—
 And so to you, lord Hastings—and to all.—
 My lord of York, it better shew'd with you,
 When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
 Encircled you, to hear with reverence

240

Your.

Your exposition on the holy text ;
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sun-shine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,
In shadow of such greatness ! With you, lord bishop,
It is even so :—Who hath not heard it spoken, 251
How deep you were within the books of God ?
To us, the speaker in his parliament ;
To us, the imagin'd voice of heaven itself ;
The very opener, and intelligencer,
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,
And our dull workings : O, who shall believe,
But you misuse the reverence of your place ;
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a false favourite doth his prince's name, 260
In deeds dishonourable ? You have taken up,
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The subjects of his substitute, my father ;
And, both against the peace of heaven and him,
Have here up-swarm'd them.

York. Good my lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace :
But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland,
The time mis-order'd doth, in common sense,
Crowd us, and crush us, to this monstrous form, 270
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace

The parcels and particulars of our grief;
The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the
court,

Whereon this Hydra son of war is born:
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep,
With grant of our most just and right desires;
And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man. 280

Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt;
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them:
And so, success of mischief shall be born;
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
Whiles England shall have generation.

Lan. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too
shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your grace, to answer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles? 290

Lan. I like them all, and do allow them well:
And swear here by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook;
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning, and authority.—
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;
Upon my life, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
As we will ours: and here, between the armies,
Let's

Let's drink together friendly, and embrace ; 300
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,
Of our restored love, and amity.

York. I take your princely word for these redresses.

Lan. I give it you, and will maintain my word :
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hast. Go, captain, and deliver to the army
This news of peace ; let them have pay, and part :
I know, it will well please them ; Hie thee, captain.

[Exit Captain.

York. To you my noble lord of Westmoreland.

West. I pledge your grace : And, if you knew what
pains 310

I have bestow'd, to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely : but my love to you
Shall shew itself more openly hereafter.

York. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.—

Health to my lord, and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season ;
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

York. Against ill chances, men are ever merry ;
But heaviness fore-runs the good event. 320

West. Therefore be merry, coz ; since sudden
sorrow

Serves to say thus — Some good thing comes to-
morrow.

York. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be
true.

[Shout.

Hij

Lan.

Lan. The word of peace is render'd ; Hark, how
they shout !

Mowb. This had been cheerful, after victory.

York. A peace is of the nature of a conquest ;
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,
And neither party loser.

Lan. Go, my lord, 330
And let our army be discharged too.— [*Exit WEST.*
And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us ; that we may peruse the men
We should have cop'd withal.

York. Go, good lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

[*Exit HASTINGS.*

Lan. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.—

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still ?

West. The leaders, having charge from you to
stand,

Will not go off until they hear you speak. 340

Lan. They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already :
Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses
East, west, north, south ; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries towards his home, and sporting place.

West. Good tidings, my lord Hastings ; for the
which

I do

I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason :—

And you, lord archbishop—and you, lord Mowbray—

Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable ? 350

West. Is your assembly so ?

York. Will you thus break your faith ?

Lan. I pawn'd thee none :

I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,
Whereof you did complain ; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most christian care.

But, for you, rebels—look to taste the due

Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.

Most shallowly did you these arms commence,

Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.—

Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray ; 361

Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.—

Some guard these traitors to the block of death ;

Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath. [*Exeunt.*

[*Alarum. Excursions.*

SCENE III.

*Another Part of the Forest. Enter FALSTAFF, and
COLEVILE, meeting.*

Fal. What's your name, sir ? of what condition
are you ; and of what place, I pray ?

Cole. I am a knight, sir ; and my name is—Cole-
vile of the dale. 368

H i i j

Fal.

Fal. Well then, Colevile is your name ; a knight is your degree ; and your place, the dale : Colevile shall still be your name ; a traitor your degree ; and the dungeon your place—a place deep enough ; so shall you still be Colevile of the dale.

Cole. Are not you Sir John Falstaff ?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir ? or shall I sweat for you ? If I do sweat, they are drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death : therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy. 379

Cole. I think, you are Sir John Falstaff ; and, in that thought, yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine ; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe : My womb, my womb, my womb undoes me.—Here comes our general.

Enter Prince JOHN of Lancaster, and WESTMORELAND.

Lan. The heat is past, follow no farther now ;—
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—

[*Exit WEST.*

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while ?

When every thing is ended, then you come :—

These tardy tricks of your's will, on my life, 392
One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus : I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was
the

the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have founder'd nine-score and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Colevile of the dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy: But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nos'd fellow of Rome—I came, saw, and overcame.

Lan. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving. 408

Fal. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him: and I beseech your grace, let it be book'd with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Colevile kissing my foot: To the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all shew like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which shew like pins' heads to her; believe not the word of the noble: Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

Lan. Thine's too heavy to mount. 420

Fal. Let it shine then.

Lan. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan. Is thy name Colevile?

Cole.

Cole. It is, my lord.

Lan. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither : had they been rul'd by me, 430
You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves : but
thou, like a kind fellow, gav'st thyself away ; and I
thank thee for thee.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Lan. Have you left pursuit ?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

Lan. Send Colevile, with his confederates,
To York, to present execution.—
Blunt, lead him hence ; and see you guard him sure.

[*Exeunt some with COLEVILE.*

And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords ;
I hear, the king my father is sore sick : 441
Our news shall go before us to his majesty—
Which, cousin, you shall bear—to comfort him ;
And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go
through Glostershire : and, when you come to court,
stand my good lord 'pray, in your good report.

Lan. Fare you well, Falstaff : I, in my condition,
Shall better speak of you than you deserve. [*Exit.*

Fal. I would, you had but the wit ; 'twere better
than your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young
sober-blooded boy doth not love me ; nor a man can-
not

not make him laugh ;—but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof : for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness ; and then, when they marry, they get wenches : they are generally fools and cowards ;—which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain ; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it ; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes ; which deliver'd o'er to the voice (the tongue), which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is—the warming of the blood ; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice : but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face ; which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm : and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart ; who, great, and puff'd up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage ; and this valour comes of sherris : So that skill in the weapon is nothing, without sack ; for that sets it a-work : and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil ; 'till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it, that prince Harry is valiant : for the cold blood he did
naturally

naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, steril, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris; that he is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them, should be—to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph? 490

Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Gloucestershire; and there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Palace at Westminster. Enter King HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, *and* GLOSTER, &c.

K. Henry. Now, lords, if heaven doth give successful end

To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctify'd. 500
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish:
Only, we want a little personal strength;

And

And pause us, 'till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which, we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

K. Henry. Humphrey, my son of Gloster,
Where is the prince your brother? 510

Glo. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

K. Henry. And how accompanied?

Glo. I do not know, my lord.

K. Henry. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence,
with him?

Glo. No, my good lord; he is in presence here.

Cla. What would my lord and father?

K. Henry. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of
Clarence.

How chance, thou art not with the prince thy brother?

He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas;

Thou hast a better place in his affection, 520

Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy;

And noble offices thou may'st effect

Of mediation, after I am dead,

Between his greatness and thy other brethren:—

Therefore, omit him not; blunt not his love;

Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,

By seeming cold, or careless of his will.

For he is gracious, if he be observ'd;

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand

Open as day for melting charity: 530

Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint;

As humorous as winter, and as sudden

As

As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd :—
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth :
But, being moody, give him line and scope ;
'Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this,

Thomas,

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends ; 540
A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in ;
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion
(As, force perforce, the age will pour it in)
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum, or rash gun-powder.

Cla. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Henry. Why art thou not at Windsor with him,
Thomas ?

Cla. He is not there to-day ; he dines in London.

K. Henry. And how accompanied ? can'st thou tell
that ? 550

Cla. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

K. Henry. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds ;
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them : Therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death ;
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,
In forms imaginary, the unguided days,
And rotten times, that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.

For when his headstrong riot hath no curb, 560

When

When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
 When means and lavish manners meet together,
 O, with what wings shall his affections fly
 Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him
 quite:—

The prince but studies his companions,
 Like a strange tongue: wherein, to gain the language,
 'Tis needful that the most immodest word
 Be look'd upon, and learn'd; which, once attain'd,
 Your highness knows, comes to no farther use, 570
 But to be known, and hated. So, like gross terms,
 The prince will, in the perfectness of time,
 Cast off his followers: and their memory
 Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
 By which his grace must mete the lives of others;
 Turning past evils to advantages.

K. Henry. 'Tis seldom, when the bee doth leave
 her comb

In the dead carrion.—Who's here? Westmoreland?

Enter WESTMORELAND.

West. Health to my sovereign! and new happiness
 Added to that which I am to deliver! 580
 Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand:
 Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
 Are brought to the correction of your law;
 There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
 But peace puts forth her olive every where.
 The manner how this action hath been borne,

I

Here,

Here, at more leisure, may your highness read ;
With every course, in his particular.

K. Henry. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer
bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings 590
The lifting up of day. Look ! here's more news.

Enter HARCOURT.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your majesty ;
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of !
The earl Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English, and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown :
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. Henry. And wherefore should these good news
make me sick ? 600
Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters ?
She either gives a stomach, and no food—
Such are the poor, in health ; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach—such are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not,
I should rejoice now at this happy news ;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy :—
O me ! come near me, now I am much ill.

[Sinks down.]

Glo. Comfort, your majesty ! 610

Cl. O my royal father !

West.

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up!

War. Be patient, princes; you do know these fits
Are with his highness very ordinary.

Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.

Cla. No, no; he cannot long hold out these
pangs:

The incessant care and labour of his mind

Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,

So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

Glo. The people fear me; for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of nature:

The seasons change their manners; as the year
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say, it did so a little time before

That our great grandsire, Edward, sick'd and dy'd.

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

Glo. This apoplexy will, certain, be his end.

K. Henry. I pray you, take me up, and bear me
hence

Into some other chamber: softly, pray.

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;

Unless some dull and favourable hand

Will whisper musick to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the musick in the other room.

K. Henry. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise.

[*They convey the King to an inner Part of the Room.*]

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Henry. Who saw the duke of Clarence?

Cla. I am here, brother, full of heaviness. 640

P. Henry. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!

How doth the king?

Glo. Exceeding ill.

P. Henry. Heard he the good news yet?

Tell it him.

Glo. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

P. Henry. If he be sick

With joy, he will recover without physick.

War. Not so much noise, my lords :—sweet prince,
speak low ;

The king your father is dispos'd to sleep. 650

Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your grace to go along with us?

P. Henry. No; I will sit and watch here by the
king. [*Exeunt all but Prince HENRY.*]

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,

Being so troublesome a bed-fellow?

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!

That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide

To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now!—

Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,

As he, whose brow, with homely biggen bound, 660

SnORES out the watch of night. O majesty!

When

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather which stirs not :
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move.—My gracious lord! my fa-
ther!—

This sleep is sound, indeed; this is a sleep,
That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd
So many English kings. Thy due, from me, 670
Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood;
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously :
My due, from thee, is this imperial crown;
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits—

[Putting it on his Head.

Which heaven shall guard: And put the world's
whole strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me: This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [Exit.

K. Henry. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence! 681

Re-enter WARWICK, and the Rest.

Cla. Doth the king call?

War. What would your majesty? How fares your
grace?

K. Henry. Why did you leave me here alone, my
lords?

Cla. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. Henry. The prince of Wales? Where is he? let
me see him:

He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

Glo. He came not through the chamber where we
stay'd. 690

K. Henry. Where is the crown? who took it from
my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it
here.

K. Henry. The prince hath ta'en it hence:—go, seek
him out.

Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
My sleep my death?—

Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither.—

This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you
are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object! 700

For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleeps with thought, their brains
with care,

Their bones with industry;
For this they have engrossed and pil'd up
The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold:
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts, and martial exercises:

When,

When, like the bee, tolling from every flower
 The virtuous sweets;
 Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with
 honey, 710
 We bring it to the hive; and like the bees,
 Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste
 Yield his engrossments to the ending father.—

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
 'Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me?
War. My lord, I found the prince in the next
 room,
 Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;
 With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
 That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
 Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
 With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither. 721
K. Henry. But wherefore did he take away the
 crown?

Re-enter Prince HENRY.

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry:—
 Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt Lords, &c.*

P. Henry. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Henry. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that
 thought:

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost

Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth! 730
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence; and, at my death,
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest, thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts: 740
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,
Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head:
Only compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees; 751
For now a time is come to mock at form,
Harry the fifth is crown'd:—Up, vanity!
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:
Have

Have you a ruffian, that will swear, drink, dance,
 Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit
 The oldest sins the newest kind of ways? 760

Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
 England shall double gild his treble guilt;
 England shall give him office, honour, might:
 For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
 The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
 Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.

O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
 When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
 What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
 O, thou wilt be a wilderness again, 770
 Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

P. Henry. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my
 tears, [Kneeling.

The moist impediments unto my speech,
 I had fore-stall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
 Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
 The course of it so far. There is your crown;
 And He that wears the crown immortally,
 Long guard it your's! If I affect it more,
 Than as your honour, and as your renown,
 Let me no more from this obedience rise, 780
 Which my most true and inward-duteous spirit
 Teaches, this prostrate and exterior bending!
 Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,
 And found no course of breath within your majesty,
 How cold it struck my heart! if I do feign,
 O, let me in my present wildness die;

And

And never live to shew the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead
(And dead almost, my liege, to think you were),
I spake unto the crown, as having sense, 791
And thus upbraided it. *The care on thee depending,
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in med'cine potable:
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up.* Thus, my most royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head;
To try with it—as with an enemy, 800
That had before my face murder'd my father—
The quarrel of a true inheritor.

But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let heaven for ever keep it from my head!
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it! 810

K. Henry. O my son!
Heaven put it in thy mind, to take it hence,
That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel

That

That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,
 By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
 I met this crown; and I myself know well,
 How troublesome it sat upon head: 820
 To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
 Better opinion, better confirmation;
 For all the soil of the achievement goes
 With me into the earth. It seem'd in me,
 But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand;
 And I had many living, to upbraid
 My gain of it by their assistances;
 Which daily grew to quarrel, and to blood-shed,
 Wounding supposed peace: all these bold fears,
 Thou see'st with peril I have answered:— 830
 For all my reign hath been but as a scene
 Acting that argument; and now my death
 Changes the mode: for what in me was purchas'd,
 Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort,
 So thou the garland wear'st successively.
 Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
 Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
 And all ~~thy~~^{my} friends, which thou must make thy
 friends,
 Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
 By whose fell working I was first advanc'd, 840
 And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
 To be again displac'd: which to avoid,
 I cut them off; and had a purpose now
 To lead out many to the Holy Land;
 Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look
 Too

Too near into my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so, 850
That strength of speech is utterly deny'd me.
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Henry. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain, and right, must my possession be:
Which I, with more than with a common pain,
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Lord JOHN of Lancaster, WARWICK, &c.

K. Henry. Look, look, here comes my John of
Lancaster.

Lan. Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal
father! 860

K. Henry. Thou bring'st me happiness, and peace,
son John;

But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare, wither'd trunk: upon thy sight,
My worldly business makes a period.—

Where is my lord of Warwick?

P. Henry. My lord of Warwick!

K. Henry. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Laud be to God!—even there my life
must end. 870

It hath been prophesy'd to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I suppos'd, the Holy Land:—
But, bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

*SHALLOW's Seat in Gloucestershire. Enter SHALLOW,
FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and Page.*

Shallow.

By cock and pye, sir, you shall not away to-night.
—What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excus'd; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excus'd—Why, Davy!

Enter DAVY.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy—let me see, Davy; let me see:—yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither.—Sir John, you shall not be excus'd. 11

Davy. Marry, sir, thus;—those precepts cannot
K be

be serv'd : and, again, sir—Shall we sow the head-land with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook ;—Are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir.—Here is now the smith's note, for shoeing, and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and paid :—Sir John, you shall not be excus'd. 20

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had :—And, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

Shal. He shall answer it :—Some pigeons, Davy ; a couple of short-legg'd hens ; a joint of mutton ; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir? 29

Shal. Yes, Davy. I will use him well ; A friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy ; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are back-bitten, sir ; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Woncot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor ; that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge. 42

Davy. I grant your worship, that he is a knave, sir: but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have serv'd your worship truly, sir, these eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanc'd. 52

Shal. Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. Where are you, Sir John? Come, off with your boots.—Give me your hand, master Bardolph. 53

Bard. I am glad to see your worship. 54

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph:—and welcome, my tall fellow. [*to the Page.*] Come, Sir John. 60

Fal. I'll follow you, good master Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt SHALLOW, BARDOLPH, &c.*]—If I were saw'd into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit's-staves as master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: They, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turn'd into a justice-like serving-man: their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild geese. If I had a suit to master Shallow,

K i j

I would

I would humour his men, with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain, that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keep prince Harry in continual laughter, the wearing-out of six fashions (which is four terms, or two actions), and he shall laugh without *intervallums*. O, it is much, that a lie, with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh 'till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up. 87

Shal. [*Within.*] Sir John!

Fal. I come, master Shallow; I come, master Shallow. [*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

SCENE II.

*The Court, in London. Enter the Earl of WARWICK,
and the Lord Chief Justice.*

War. How now, my lord chief justice? whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

94

War.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature ;
And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would, his majesty had call'd me with
him :

The service that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think, the young king loves you
not. 100

Ch. Just. I know he doth not : and do arm myself,
To welcome the condition of the time ;
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter Lord JOHN of Lancaster, GLOSTER, and CLARENCE, &c.

War. Here comes the heavy issue of dead Harry :—
O, that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen !
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort !

Ch. Just. Alas ! I fear, all will be overturn'd. 110

Lan. Good morrow, cousin Warwick.

Glo. Cla. Good morrow, cousin.

Lan. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember ; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made us
heavy !

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier !

Glo. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend, indeed :

And I dare swear, you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow ; it is, sure, your own. 120

Lan. Though no man be assur'd what grace to
find,

You stand in coldest expectation :

I am the sorrier ; 'would 'twere otherwise.

Cla. Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff
fair ?

Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in
honour,

Led by the impartial conduct of my soul ;

And never shall you see, that I will beg

A ragged and forestall'd remission.—

If truth and upright innocence fail me, 130

I'll to the king my master that is dead,

And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the prince.

Enter King HENRY.

Ch. Just. Good morrow ? and heaven save your
majesty !

K. Henry. This new and gorgeous garment majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think.—

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear ;

This is the English, not the Turkish court ;

Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,

But Harry, Harry :—Yet be sad, good brothers, 140

For,

For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you ;
 Sorrow so royally in you appears,
 That I will deeply put the fashion on,
 And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad :
 But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
 Than a joint burthen laid upon us all.
 For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,
 I'll be your father and your brother too ;
 Let me but bear your love, I'll bear you cares.
 Yet weep, that Harry's dead ; and so will I : 150
 But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,
 By number, into hours of happiness.

Lan. &c. We hope no other from your majesty.

K. Henry. You all look strangely on me :—and you
 most ; [*To the Ch. Just.*

You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
 Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

K. Henry. No ! How might a prince of my great
 hopes forget

So great indignities you laid upon me ?

What ! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison 160
 The immediate heir of England ! Was this easy ?
 May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten ?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father ;
 The image of his power lay then in me :
 And, in the administration of his law,
 Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
 Your highness pleased to forget my place,
 The majesty and power of law and justice,

The

The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgment; 170
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought ;
To pluck down justice from your awful bench ;
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person :
Nay, more ; to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your workings in a second body. 180
Question your royal thoughts, make the case your's ;
Be now the father, and propose a son :
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdained ;
And then imagine me taking your part,
And, in your power, so silencing your son :—
After this cold considerance, sentence me ;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state—
What I have done, that misbecame my place, 190
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

K. Henry. You are right, justice, and you weigh
this well ;
Therefore still bear the balance, and the sword :
And I do wish your honours may increase,
'Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words ;—

Happy

Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
 That dares do justice on my proper son :
 And not less happy having such a son, 200
 That would deliver up his greatness so
 Into the hands of justice.—You did commit me :
 For which, I do commit into your hand
 The unstained sword that you have us'd to bear ;
 With this remembrance—That you use the same
 With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
 As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand ;
 You shall be as a father to my youth :
 My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear ;
 And I will stoop and humble my intents 210
 To your well-practis'd, wise directions.—
 And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you ;—
 My father is gone wild into his grave,
 For in his tomb lie my affections ;
 And with his spirit sadly I survive,
 To mock the expectations of the world ;
 To frustrate prophecies ; and to raze out
 Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
 After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
 Hath proudly flow'd in vanity, 'till now : 220
 Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea ;
 Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
 And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
 Now call we our high court of parliament :
 And let us chuse such limbs of noble counsel,
 That the great body of our state may go
 In equal rank with the best-govern'd nation ;
 That

That war, or peace, or both at once may be
 As things acquainted and familiar to us;—
 In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.—

[*To the Lord Chief Justice.*

Our coronation done, we will accite, 231

As I before remember'd, all our state:

And (heaven consigning to my good intents)

No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say—

Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

SHALLOW's Seat in Gloucestershire. Enter FALSTAFF,
 SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH, the Page, and
 DAVY.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard: where, in
 an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own
 graffing, with a dish of carraways, so forth;—come,
 cousin Silence;—and then to bed. 239

Fal. You have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars
 all, Sir John;—marry, good air.—Spread, Davy,
 spread, Davy: well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is
 your serving-man, and your husband-man.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good
 varlet, Sir John.—By the mass, I have drank too
 much sack at supper:—a good varlet. Now sit
 down, now sit down:—come, cousin.

Sil.

Sil. Ah, sirrah! quoth-a—

250

We shall do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,

[Singing.

And praise heaven for the merry year;

When flesh is cheap and females dear,

And lusty lads roam here and there!

So merrily, and ever-among so merrily, &c.

Fal. There's a merry heart!—Good master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give master Bardolph some wine, Davy. 258

Davy. Sweet sir, sit;—I'll be with you anon;—most sweet sir, sit.—Master page, good master page, sit: Proface! What you want in meat, we'll have in drink. But you must bear; The heart's all. [Exit.

Shal. Be merry, master Bardolph;—and my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. [Singing.] *Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;
For women are shrews, both short and tall;*

'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all.

And welcome merry shrove-tide.

268

Be merry, be merry, &c.

Fal. I did not think, master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who? I have been merry twice and once, ere now.

Re-enter

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. There is a dish of leather-coats for you.

[Setting them before BARDOLPH.]

Shal. Davy——

Davy. Your worship?—I'll be with you straight.—
A cup of wine, sir?

Sil. *[Singing.]* *A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine,
And drink unto the leman mine;—*

And a merry heart lives long-a. 280

Fal. Well said, master Silence.

Sil. An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet
of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, master Silence!

Sil. *Fill the cup, and let it come;
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.*

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: If thou want'st
any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart.—
Welcome, my little tiny thief *[to the Page]*; and wel-
come, indeed, too. I'll drink to master Bardolph,
and to all the cavaleroes about London. 291

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy——

Shal. You'll crack a quart together. Ha! will you
not, master Bardolph?

Bard. Yes, sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal.

Shal. I thank thee:—The knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: he will not out, he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir. 300

[*One knocks at the Door.*]

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. Look who's at door there: Ho! who knocks?

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

[*To SILENCE, who drinks a Bumper.*]

Sil. [Singing] *Do me right, and dub me knight:*

Samingo.—Is't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why, then say, an old man can do somewhat. [Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. An it please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news. 311

Fal. From the court? let him come in—

Enter PISTOL.

How now, Pistol?

Pist. Sir John, 'save you, sir!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man good.—Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

Sil. Indeed I think 'a be; but Goodman Puff of Barson. 320

Pist. Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—

L

Sir

Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of
this world.

Pist. A foutra for the world, and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa, and golden joys. 330

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?
Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. *And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.* [Sings.

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament therefore. 338

Shal. Give me pardon, sir—If, sir, you come with
news from the court, I take it, there is but two ways;
either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir,
under the king, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, Bezonian? speak, or die!

Shal. Under king Harry.

Pist. Harry the fourth? or fifth?

Shal. Harry the Fourth.

Pist. A foutra for thine office!—

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king; 348

Harry the fifth's the man. I speak the truth:

When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like

The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What! is the old king dead?

Pist.

Pist. As nail in door : the things I speak, are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph ; saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day !—I would not take a knight-hood for my fortune.

Pist. What ? I do bring good news ? 360

Fal. Carry master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots ; we'll ride all night.—Oh, sweet Pistol !—Away, Bardolph.—Come, Pistol, utter more to me ; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, master Shallow ; I know, the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses ; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends ; and woe to my lord chief justice ! 370

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also !

Where is the life that late I led, say they :

Why, here it is ; Welcome these pleasant days.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

A Street in London. Enter Hostess QUICKLY, DOLL TEAR-SHEET, and Beadles.

Host. No, thou arrant knave ; I would I might die, that I might have thee hang'd : thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

L i j

Bead.

Bead. The constables have deliver'd her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her: There hath been a man or two, lately, kill'd about her. 380

Doll. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on; I'll tell thee what, thou damn'd tripe-visag'd rascal; if the child I now go with, do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-fac'd villain.

Host. O the Lord, that Sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God, the fruit of her womb miscarry!

Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead, that you and Pistol beat among you. 392

Dol. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer! I will have you as soundly swing'd for this, you blue-bottle-rogue! you filthy famish'd correctioner! if you be not swing'd, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

Bead. Come, come, you she knight-errant; come.

Host. O, that right should thus overcome might! Well; of sufferance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

Host. Ay; come, you starv'd blood-hound. 401

Dol. Goodman death! goodman bones!

Host. Thou atomy, thou!

Dol. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal!

Bead. Very well. [Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE V.

A publick Place near Westminster-Abbey. Enter two Grooms, strewing Rushes.

1 *Groom.* More rushes, more rushes.

2 *Groom.* The trumpets have sounded twice.

1 *Groom.* It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation: Dispatch, dispatch. [*Exeunt Grooms.*]

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and the Boy.

Fal. Stand here by me, master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him, as 'a comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me. 413

Pist. 'Bless thy lungs, good knight!

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me.—O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestow'd the thousand pound I borrow'd of you. [*To SHALLOW.*] But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so. 420

Fal. It shews my earnestness of affection.

Pist. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion.

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him : thinking of nothing else ; putting all affairs else in oblivion ; as if there were nothing else to be done, but to see him. 432

Pist. 'Tis *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est* : 'Tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver, And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,
Is in base durance, and contagious prison ;
Haul'd thither 440

By most mechanical and dirty hand :—

Rouze up revenge from ebon den with fell Aleſto's
snake,

For Doll is in ; Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor
sounds.

The Trumpets sound. Enter the King, and his Train.

Fal. God save thy grace, king Hal ! my royal
Hal !

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal
imp of fame !

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy !

King. My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits ? know you what 'tis
you speak ? 451

Fal.

Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy prayers;
 How ill white hairs become a fool, and jester!
 I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
 So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
 But, being awake, I do despise my dream.
 Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace;
 Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth gape
 For thee thrice wider than for other men:— 460
 Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;
 Presume not, that I am the thing I was:
 For heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive,
 That I have turn'd away my former self;
 So will I those that kept me company.
 When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
 Approach me; and thou shalt be as thou wast,
 The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
 'Till then, I banish thee on pain of death—
 As I have done the rest of my misleaders— 470
 Not to come near our person by ten miles.
 For competence of life, I will allow you;
 That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
 And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
 We will—according to your strength, and qualities—
 Give you advancement.—Be it your charge, my lord,
 To see perform'd the tenor of our word.—
 Set on. [Exit King, &c.]

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you to
 2 let

let me have home with me. 481

Fal. That can hardly be, master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this ; I shall be sent for in private to him : look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement ; I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how ; unless you give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand. 490

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word : this that you heard, was but a colour.

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, Sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours ; go with me to dinner. Come, lieutenant Pistol ;—come, Bardolph :—I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter the Chief Justice, Prince JOHN, &c.

Ch. Just. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet ; Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord—— 500

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak : I will hear you soon. Take them away.

Pist. *Si fortuna me tormenta, spero me contenta.*

[*Exeunt.*]

Manent LANCASTER, and Chief Justice.

Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the king's ; He hath intent, his wonted followers

Shall

Shall all be very well provided for ;
But all are banish'd, 'till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world. 509

Ch. Just. And so they are.

Lan. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

Lan. I will lay odds—that, ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords, and native fire,
As far as France: I hear a bird so sing,
Whose musick to my thinking, pleas'd the king.
Come, will you hence ? [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by a DANCER.

FIRST, my fear; then, my court'sy: last, my speech. My fear is, your displeasure; my court'sy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me: for what I have to say, is of mine own making; and what, indeed, I should say, will I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture.—Be it known to you (as it is very well) I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promised you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

15

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment—to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

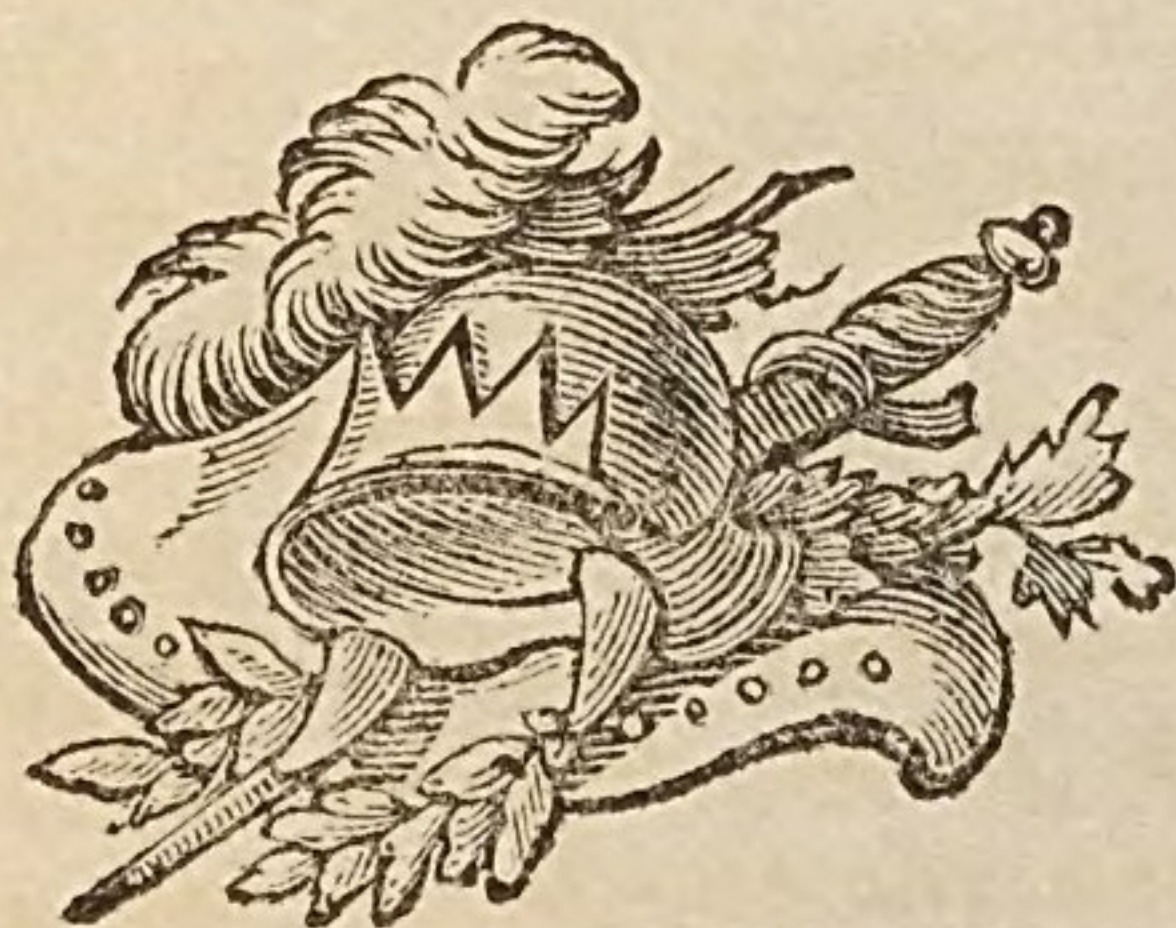
23

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloy'd with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story,

story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France; where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be kill'd with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night; and so kneel down before you;—but, indeed, to pray for the queen.

32

THE END.



...with Sir John in it, and with you and your
...of the ...
...of a ...
...of the ...
...of the ...
...of the ...
...of the ...
...of the ...

THE END.



A LIST of AUTHORS contained in BEL
beautiful EDITION of
The POETS of Great Britain,

Which comprises the POETICAL WORKS complete, of every
Author of eminence, from CHAUCER, inclusive, who died in
year 1400, to CHURCHILL, inclusive, who died in the year 1709,
with the Life of each Author in the first Volume of their respective
Works.—Prices of complete Sets to be had of the Publisher
British-Library, Strand.

Complete Sets, one hundred and nine volumes, neatly sewed and titled.....	£. s.
Ditto Calf, double lettered.....	8 8
Ditto, Calf, gilt.	12 12
Ditto, Calf, gilt, elegantly marbled and registered.....	13 13
Ditto, bound superbly in Morocco, gilt edges.....	16 16
	33 0

CHAUCER . . . 14 vols	£ 1 1 0	FENTON . . . 1 vol.	£ 0 1 1
SPENSER . . . 8 do.	0 12 0	TICKELL . . . 1 do.	0 1 1
DONNE . . . 3 do.	0 4 6	SOMERVILLE . 2 do.	0 3 0
WALLER . . . 2 do.	0 3 0	POPE . . . 4 do.	0 6 0
MILTON . . . 4 do.	0 6 0	GAY . . . 3 do.	0 4 0
BUTLER . . . 3 do.	0 4 6	BROOME . . . 1 do.	0 1 0
DENHAM . . . 1 do.	0 1 6	YOUNGE . . . 4 do.	0 6 0
COWLEY . . . 4 do.	0 6 0	SAVAGE . . . 2 do.	0 3 0
DRYDEN . . . 3 do.	0 4 6	PITT . . . 1 do.	0 1 0
ROSCOMMON . 1 do.	0 1 6	THOMSON . . . 2 do.	0 3 0
BUCKINGHAM 1 do.	0 1 6	PHILIPS, A. . . 1 do.	0 1 0
KING . . . 2 do.	0 3 0	DYER . . . 1 do.	0 1 0
PRIOR . . . 3 do.	0 4 6	WEST, GILB. . 1 do.	0 1 0
LANSDOWN . . 1 do.	0 1 6	LYTTELTON . 1 do.	0 1 0
POMFRET . . . 1 do.	0 1 6	HAMMOND, } 1 do.	0 1 0
SWIFT . . . 4 do.	0 6 0	COLLINS, }	
CONGREVE . . 1 do.	0 1 6	MOORE . . . 1 do.	0 1 0
ADDISON . . . 1 do.	0 1 6	SHENSTONE . 2 do.	0 3 0
ROWE . . . 1 do.	0 1 6	MALLET . . . 1 do.	0 1 0
WATTS . . . 7 do.	0 10 6	ARMSTRONG . 1 do.	0 1 0
PHILIPS, J. } 1 do.	0 1 6	GRAY, }	
SMITH }		WEST, R. }	
PARNELL . . . 2 do.	0 3 0	AKENSIDE . . 2 do.	0 3 0
GARTH . . . 1 do.	0 1 6	CUNNINGHAM 1 do.	0 1 0
HUGHES . . . 2 do.	0 3 0	CHURCHILL . 3 do.	0 4 6

In all one hundred and nine volumes, including fifty Authors,
being every English Classic published within a series of four hundred
years.

Any Author or single volume may be had separate, price One
Shilling and Sixpence each.

Shakespeare, William, / Johnson, Samuel, / Steevens, George,

Henry IV. Part II

London 1785

Coburg, Landesbibliothek -- C II 7

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb11919499-1